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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The City of the Living.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has today—
So long ago expired its grief and glory—
There flourished, far away,
In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all
measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and
pleasure,
And never any died.
Disease and pain and death, those stern ma-
raders,
Who mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place;
No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there—
No mourning for the lost, no anguish'd cry-
ing,
Made any face less fair.
Without the city walls death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at the en-
deavour,
And never any dead.
Oh, happiest of the earth's favoured places!
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no graves between.
To feel no death-damp gathering cold and
colder,
Disputing life's warm truth!
To live in, never less or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!
And hurrying from the world's remotest
quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty
waters,
To find the blest abode,
Where never death should come between
And sever
Them from their loved apart—
Where they might work, and will, and live
forever,
Still holding heart and heart.
And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of
treasures,
And never any died.
And many years rolled on, and saw them
growing,
With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them
living,
And gave no hope of death.
Yet, listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity
Craving a boon like this;
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew wroth of the bliss.
One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long trial,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came
stealing
Outside the city wall.
Craving with wish that, brooked no more
denying
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying—
The treasure they had lost.
Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.
Would it be worth the having or the
giving—
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living,
There is no cure but death.
Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied;
And few, methinks, would care to find the
city
Where never any died!

—Anonymous.

The Race of Little Tampa.

A group of boys stood about the doorway of the Tampa Boat Club watching the janitor unpack a new single shell from Putney, England. The fairly little boat was about twenty-odd feet long and a foot wide at the top. At each end it tapered to a knife blade and the whole thing weighed only thirty pounds. Herbert Meagher, one of the largest boys there, could have held it in his hand and launched it as he would a spear straight through the air. The janitor was carefully unwrapping the cloths in which it was swaddled.
"Oh, wasn't it a beauty!" cried Dent Scarvall, a tall, bony boy in a red sweater.
"Meagher," remarked Tony Mora, a young Cuban who worked in a factory, "ought to be able to jerk that thing clear out of the water. There will be nothing in the regatta that will stop him."
"You can't tell, Tony; Meagher here is our prize oarsman all right, but he hasn't even won the finals in this club, so you don't know what he will do up against the Orlando and Kissimmee crews." Newton Barnett, the speaker, laid his hand on Meagher's brawny shoulder as he added, "But Hub will give them a run they'll remember."
Roy Lentwood, an oarsman of the intermediate class stood over against the side of the club house idly fingering a scull. He was quietly listening to the gossip of the senior oarsman, but in the boy's heart there was a desperate longing to force his way up among

these seniors. He stood looking enviously at Meagher's mighty frame, at Scarvall's ungainly musculature, at the compact Barnett, and he wondered if there could be any possible chance for himself. He was keenly conscious that he weighed only one hundred and fifteen pounds, was slenderly fashioned and did not possess any too great powers of endurance. Finally he turned away from the gay group and climbed upstairs to the trophy room, where loving cups, silver boats, pennants and cross oars attested the prowess of his club in past regattas, Lentwood's strongest desire was to take a medal and bring to his club a trophy.

He glanced about the familiarly decorated room, then went to a little upstairs balcony overlooking the sparkling breadth of the Hills-boro River. He dropped on a settee with a sigh. The senior finals, to choose the man who would contest at Kissimmee on Lake Tohopekaliga would come off in about two months. From the other end of the balcony there was a burst of laughter. Looking up quickly Lentwood saw Standifer, the coach.

"Why this mournfulness?" chaffed the instructor, coming to where the lad sat.

"I was thinking of the Kissimmee regatta."

"Don't cry before you are whipped—we'll win out."

The coach nodded. Two months is a long time, Roy, and if you'll make satisfactory progress, I am sure we can arrange to see what you can do in the way of rowing a shell against the seniors."

The boy's face lighted up. "All right, I certainly am grateful. I appreciate that, Standifer; I certainly do."

"Oh, that's all right," smiled the coach. "That's what I am here for, to develop oarsmen."

A dejected little smile came over Roy's face. "I wanted to get a place in that regatta myself," he said, half whimsically, to veil his feeling in the matter.

The smile disappeared from the coach's face. "Well, I repeat my same advice, don't cry before you are whipped."

"But I am whipped," laughed Roy. "There are no more intermediate contests before the race."

For a few minutes the two talked about the coming race, and then Roy suggested a coaching hour to which Standifer agreed, and the boy left the club, in a more cheerful frame of mind.

From that day on till the semi-finals, Roy lived and dreamed in terms of oars and shells. Every afternoon he and Standifer were on the river pulling at the shells. Sometimes he would row in a double shell with the coach in order to get the correct style, then he would try to repeat his lesson in a single boat.

When he first began, the dainty little craft seemed wobbly and liable to upset. In fact, the balancing of a shell is quite as nice an art as the riding of a bicycle. The oars do the whole thing, and if, in a moment of confusion an oar is dropped, over goes the racer. One ducking taught Roy the art, and ever after that initial mishap his progress was excellent. Once he came to the boat house for Standifer with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Better stop that!" remarked Standifer. "I have been wondering all along what was the matter with your wind. You are getting up a splendid stroke and do very well indeed the first three quarters of a mile, but you weaken the rest of the way. I never thought about the cigarettes."

"Will that make a difference?" asked Roy in surprise.

"Of course it will. You'll need every ounce of strength in your body for the race and you can't spare any for anything else."

Roy wondered why the coach took such an unusual interest in him, for the boy did not know that he was making phenomenal progress in his work.

A few weeks after this, Standifer went to a great deal of trouble to place the buoys on the river an exact two miles apart, then with his stop watch and a gasoline launch, he had Roy row over regular rowing distance. The shell and the launch came tearing down the limpid Hills-boro between the palmetto-lined banks, and when they reached the

farther buoy Roy was perspiring freely in the sunshine of the semi-tropical country.

"Good!" exclaimed Standifer, as they rowed back to the boathouse.

"I shall let you contest with the seniors in the finals."

The lad was overjoyed. "What time did I make?" he asked the coach. "If you'll make the same time in the finals, I think you'll be able to go in the contest at Kissimmee."

Even as the coach said, when the finals had passed, Roy and Meagher were the two representatives of the Tampa Boat Club, and New Year found them busily packing up the fine Putney shell to ship to the regatta.

It was a gala day in Kissimmee. Not only everybody in that town, but big crowds from Jacksonville, Tallahassee, St. Augustine and Miami crowded the lake with canoes, lady-boats, launches and skiffs. A great number of northern tourists poured down to the regatta, and so there were oarsmen from Michigan, Canada and New York, as well as the nearer States.

Lake Tohopekaliga was ideal for the contest. It permitted a course of two miles of indefinite width and perfectly straight, so that the racers would be in sight all the way.

Roy nervously looked over the teeming water and the densely crowded shore. Everywhere were groups of partisans cheering for their favorites. Once in a while, in the uproar, he could hear the Tampa crowd yelling: "Meagher! Meagher!" Roy was too young an oarsman to be well known even in his own city.

At last they were lined up ready for the start. As far down the course as the boy could see were two solid lines of boats, all sorts and conditions, and from them fluttered yards of gay bunting and hundreds of flags. The crowd was yelling. Somewhere a band was playing, and the music came throbbing over the water.

Standifer sat in near-by skiff. "Now, Roy," he was saying, "Keep cool. I don't ask you to win the race, but to make the same time that you made on the Tampa course; then I'll be satisfied. You won't need to think of the race."

The tones of his friend calmed the boy's nerves. He drew a long breath, and sat balancing his oar in the water. "All ready!" The starter stood up in his skiff, holding a revolver in his hand. The contestants leaned forward in their shells, reached back for a grip on the water with their curving blades.

"One, two, three, bang!" The tense forms of the men jerked backward, the arrowlike boats sprang through the water with hardly a ripple of cleavage; instantly from the crowd a deep, hoarse shout travelled down the line of the course. The racers were off.

Almost with the first stroke the nervousness left the boy. He began pulling strongly down the line of boats, his back swinging against his oars, his sliding seat dropping into a rhythm of movement. His boat, the new shell from Putney, was on the right of the course and nearest the crowd. The boy hardly saw the wall of boats by which he was flying. Occasionally, he was aware of them out of the tail of his eye, but his whole soul was bound up in trying to keep the stern of his shell exactly straight with a little pennant Standifer had stuck on the wall. That would keep him true, and waste no energy.

As the shells shot along, the crowd began to notice the fight the boy was making.

"Hey!" someone cried, "watch the youngster, will you?" then, as they observed the colors on his armless jacket, "Go on, Little Tampa!" they shouted, "You're all right, link to it now—pull!"

And Roy pulled. He threw into his strokes all the careful trifling of past months, he strained his sinewy back and arms against the fragile shell until the slender thing fled through the water. He could see none of the other boats, and his thought struck him that he was the farthest behind. He would not turn his head to look, however, but riveted his gaze on the fast-retreating pennant.

Presently he heard again in the

molee of sounds a shouting of: "Tampa! Tampa!" and he wondered whether they were cheering with applause or merely encouraging.

Just then he saw down on the left hand the stern of his first opponent's boat. A thrill of satisfaction shot through the lad. He was beating one man, anyway. He could just see the tip of the shell and he gained on it so slowly it seemed to be stationary. Once he had a desire to hasten his stroke and crawl away from it, but he resisted the impulse. He continued gaining very slowly, however, and now he could see nearly half the boat, now the man straining at his oars.

"Tampa!" shouted the noisy multitude once more, and then other enthusiasts chimed in with "Orlando! Jacksonville! Tallahassee!" or whatever favorite they were backing.

The man whom Roy had so slowly passed was a St. Augustine racer. He was clearly out of the running and not more than half of the distance was over. A feeling of confidence now swept through Lentwood, and with a quick glance around he surveyed the field. Of the six racers, only one was distinctly ahead of him, and a second a look—it was the Orlando man.

The boy could see his blue jacket sway back and forth in a quicker rhythm than he was using, and the thin, blue hull pierced the water as if it were a swordfish.

Roy set his teeth. He wondered whether he should increase his own stroke. He longed to ask Standifer, but he kept on at his usual stroke, and felt no fatigue. It was his regular practice grind.

The rest of the boats dropped behind one by one. It was clear now that either Tampa or the one from Orlando would win. They flashed past the mile buoy at top speed.

The enthusiastic crowd, seeing the rest of the field clearly outpaced, gave the leaders all their allegiance. Suddenly there was a clash of whistles, bells and megaphones. Banners and flags shook furiously down the line of bobbing boats.

The gale of enthusiasm shook at the boy's heart. "Go on Tampa," shrieked the crowd. "Go it, Little Tampa! He's a half length on you now, Little Tampa!"

They shot by another buoy; it was but a half a mile to the finish line. The Orlando man, a ponderous fellow, now began to unbend himself; he fairly picked up his blue shell and hurled it through the water. His attack was sensational. Although the crowd was heartily in sympathy with the boy, there was a sudden silent astonishment at his phenomenal work, and then, like the democratic Americans they were, they cheered thunderously for the man they would have seen beaten. The blue shell drew away from Roy, who, under the excitement, began to quicken his stroke a trifle.

He could no longer see Orlando. It was just before the final rush, and the crowd suddenly became quiet again with a tense stillness. Lentwood felt he still had a reserve and cut down his stroke still more. A queer elation filled him, for he felt that he was rowing faster than he ever had before. The rest were nowhere. It was certain he would be second, anyway. That would be an honor for a boy of his age. Faster and faster came his strokes. He rowed so fast that he wondered whether or not he really was keeping good form, on which Standifer had insisted so strongly. There was a keen joy in flinging the last ounce of legs, back and arms into his oars. He was straining ahead right up to the breaking point.

Suddenly tremendous cheering broke out again. He wondered if Orlando had crossed the line. About two minutes had elapsed since the blue jacket had passed him so suddenly. That was time for him to cross the line. He glanced around again, expecting to see his opponent victor, but to his surprise there he was, only even. Orlando had made his spurt and had relaxed a little.

Filled with hope, the lad flung all his reserve into his work. If he had thought Orlando exhausted he was deceived. The blue man spurred up also, and the two shells fled on, tip and tip. Fifty yards now from the line, forty, thirty. Somehow the suspense seemed to grip the

very nerves of the crowd, and they became so silent they could hear the beat of the flying oars.

Roy's back seemed breaking with the enduring strain, he felt the cords of his neck, arms and back stretching and straining. The shells fairly skipped over the sunlit water. Twenty-fifteen—ten—with a last great effort, Roy increased his stroke. It was the mere fact that he swung back first that did it. His Putney boat cut the line perhaps a foot in advance of the rival.

Instantly pandemonium was loosed, everything that could make a racket made it. Throats were shouted hoarse for Tampa. Little Tampa! The news went down the long course in a great, rolling shout, the densely lined beach took it up, and so the news went in gigantic waves of noise back to Standifer, who stood at the starting point, straining his eyes after the two flying specks.

The coach breathed a breath of relief. "That's the most marvelous youngster I ever saw," he murmured to himself.

As for Roy, he sat limply in the judges' barge, holding a big, silver cup, every nerve trembling, and his head in a whirl.

ROWEN.

When the shrewd novelist gets you in a very thrilling situation in his story he always manages to leave you there for a chapter or two to help keep you thrilled. Last week you were left tumbling out of the train at Colorado Springs and tumbling into the dark, some three coach loads of you. Keep right on tumbling and groping for a while. A little side journey will not be amiss.

Monsieur and Madam Bingham and Herr and Frau Long did not go to Denver. They went direct to Colorado Springs. They reached there in the early afternoon. They were strangers in a strange land, babies in the wood, as were others who arrived on the same train. They sent up P. Q. D. signals of distress, hoping some one of the Local Committee would sight them and lend assistance. No assistance came, so Herr Long took direction of the affair, grabbed a depot truckman who was rushing a load of trunks to the about-to-depart train by the sleeve, held on for dear life and only released the startled native after he had told where the Alamo Hotel might be discovered in the shadow of the mountains. Monsieur and Madam and I had engaged rooms in advance at the Alamo. After they had walked up to the hotel with Herr and Frau, they speedily became settled with the kind assistance of a gentlemen tourist from Minnesota, who had noticed their big "MINNESOTA" badges. Herr Long left his suit cases and his wife and his other valuable possessions at the hotel, and sallied forth in quest of a "boarding house" or a "room." He got his grip on a blue-coated "cop" and hung on until the cop directed him to a boarding place, where he secured a fine porch room with out-of-door canvas sleeping accommodations and bath for \$3.50 per week for himself and wife, that is \$1.75 per week each. Just note what a little enterprise will accomplish. Here were Monsieur and Madam and I to stew in inside rooms at the Alamo at \$7.50 per day, \$2.50 each per day, while Herr and Frau stretched out their weary bodies in a cool-out-of-door sleeping room only a block or so away, at twenty-five cents each per day. Next time it is to be J. C. Howard, chairman of his own private, personal local committee. We live and learn from Long.

But to return to the three coach loads of delegates at the depot, depot and grounds blazing forth as a "great white way," with one or two little six c. p. incandescent lamps among the green leaf foliage of the trees to illuminate the universe. Naturally no one saw much, and if the enthusiastic and hospitable local committee could not be discovered in broad daylight, we are sure to be pardoned if we did not find them in almost pitch darkness. As we tumbled out of the cars with suit cases and ladies in tow, a depot employee grabbed us by the shoulder and steered us toward the depot, and presently we tumbled over Messrs. Hodgson, Fox and Pach, and asked

each other where in the great horn spoon we were to set our course.

I sure did not see Mr. Hodgson compliment Mr. Veditz just then.

Pach caught sight of a cop and asked him where the Alamo was.

He pointed over his shoulder with his thumb and we all started off, Pach and Fox in the lead, Hodgson and I next, and the crowd trailing after. I forgot to say that while grouping about at the station Mr. Hanson grabbed me. You know he was there with his wife and family, and wanted to know if I knew how he could find Miss Griffin or her home. He, too, was looking as if he might possibly say a very naughty word; in short, he was some worried. Well, to get back to the advance guard, we progressed a ways through what seemed to be a park, and finally came up to a great hotel which we knew could not be the Alamo; but here I spied a red-headed damsel ambling along and sashayed up to her, lifted my panama and asked her if she could please direct us to the Alamo. She was the girl all right, and told us to steer north by northeast, and so we started out again. We had only gone a few paces though when I saw Herr Long and his winsome little Frau and the sweet girl from Iowa who is to enter college a year from now, and set the hearts aflutter, and I knew we were delivered safe. I jumped for him, cheered in the sign language, told him to lead, signalled full power ahead to the crowd and we swept through the town and stormed the Alamo and nearly knocked Dr. Hall over as we swept triumphantly in. I turned the young ladies over to Mr. Flick. Went with Monsieur and Madam Bingham to our rooms on the third floor, cleaned up, and descended in search of supper. The hotel dining room closed at eight. Would have to seek grub elsewhere. Saw Mrs. Flick. Asked her how the young ladies were. She told me they had secured a room in the Annex. I suggested that they might be in need of supper, as I was, and I would be pleased to escort them to a food factory. We went in search of them. Found the Annex across the way. It was a dilapidated old frame structure that must have been built before Pike discovered the Peak and was well characterized by Mr. Spear as the "rat hole". Going up creaky stairs, along unevenly floored hall, we came to No. 150, and Mrs. Flick knocked. The door was open and Mrs. Flick stepped in, and I was later admitted to one of the most disreputable looking sleeping rooms that I ever saw. There was broken plaster, dirty wall paper, an old wooden bed that looked like the hollow of a wave, an old bureau and a washstand with a cracked bowl and pitcher, and standing in about the only space not occupied were two refined young ladies, both crying and declaring they wanted to start right straight home again. I did not wait. I just told them to leave their things and walk right out of there. That if they could not get other accommodations for the night I would surrender my room to them. They cheered up and I took them back to the hotel. I told the clerk what I thought of putting them into such a hole and charging them \$1.50 each per day for such foul accommodations. He finally gave them a very nice corner room with bath at \$7.50 a day. Having sent a boy after their things, I took them to a restaurant where we had supper. And thus ended Saturday and our arrival at the Convention Town.

JAY COOKE HOWARD
DULUTH, Sept. 27, 1910.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(Interdenominational.)
BOSTON.
Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.
Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August. 2:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.
Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointment.

E. CLAYTON WYAND,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence: Mattapan Sta., Boston.
To these services all are welcome.

Romney, W. Va.

Last month Mrs. Seaton got here again from the far West, where she had been enjoying her visit to relatives and old friends.

The Romney School is situated in an ideal country, about ten miles from town, and is surrounded by beautiful mountain woods, and is such a quiet place where no car gongs are heard except those of the cows. It has an abundance of fruits, mostly peach.

There are many changes and improvements made in this Institution.

There will be a big new bridge connecting the small boys' dormitory and the proposed shower room, and a very large porch will be built in front of the main building, and it will have lots of repairing.

Mr. Hays, who was operated on for gall stones last July, is able to be out at present, and has been kept busy with poultry on Ridgley farm, five miles distant from his residence in this place. He, the writer think, will outnumber Mr. G. Veditz, of Colorado, in chickens.

Last year, declining health forced him to resign his position as teacher. He owns a large lot and a comfortable home, with three bright children, one of whom is now at High School in Washington, D. C.

It is reported that Mr. Applegate's successor as State Treasurer for the Moving Picture fund is Miss Emma Bartlett. We are glad to learn that President Hanson has appointed Mr. G. W. Veditz, to be one of the members of Executive Committee, for he is one of the ablest and most resourceful men in the N. A. D. ranks.

We always like to read the hot articles by G. W. Veditz and J. C. Howard.

Every deaf-mute in this State ought to send subscriptions to New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, for it is well worth reading.

On October 23d this school is going to have a field day. Mr. Relihan is thought the best runner, but some think Hulda will win out.

Mr. Chapin, one of our oldest teachers spent an enjoyable vacation last summer.

Miss Dobbins, formerly of Mt. Airy, and North Carolina, is now Supervisor of Speech in this Institution.

Mr. Terry, who graduated from Williamson School in Pennsylvania, and is now a teacher of the Blind, is expected to manage our baseball nine next Spring. There is on foot a movement to organize an athletic association in this school next month, for the first time in the history of this Institution, although it has had good baseball and football teams for many years.

Superintendent Montague is now in Richmond, Va., to see his wife, who has been sick in bed since last July, but is now on the road to recovery. The pupils will be more than overjoyed to have her home again. The Superintendent is expected to be back to-morrow.

NOTICE

To the Members of the Board of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

Notice is hereby given that the stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, held in the Court House at Reading, Pa., on August 27th, and adjourned from that date to Saturday evening, October 15th, 1910, will be held at the residence of President Jas. S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, on this date at 8:30 P.M., for the purpose of taking action on the resolutions passed by the Reading Convention last August and the resignations of Rev. B. R. Allabough and Mr. George M. Teegarden, as members of the Board of Trustees of the Home at Doylestown, and transacting such business as may come before the Board.

Your presence is respectfully requested.

By order of the President.
R. M. ZIEGLER,
Secretary.

A woman hates to have her husband smoke, yet respects him for being able to do so.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1910.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wisdom is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

OUR editorial, dealing with the place for next National Convention, is crowded out.

FROM NEW YORK TO PIKE'S PEAK.

CHAPTER VIII.

I have disregarded the order of the several trips and excursions made from the Alamo Hotel as the starting point and some scenic grandeur the objective. Had it been otherwise, the reader would long since have maneuvered with me in and about Manitou.

Long, long ago, when a boy, I had a decided predilection for stories about the fierce and cruel redskins, and revelled in the marvelously accurate aim of the youthful hero who, after killing a half-dozen braves with his trusty gun, rescues the heroine and speeds on his fiery mustang for safety and civilization. All those thrilling narratives have long been forgotten, save the memory awakened by the word Manitou. It comes to me clearly how the dying Indian calls to the "Kaieje Manitou," and thus, from the clandestine reading of boyhood, I am able to tell all those who do not already know, that Manitou was the supreme being, dreaded and revered by the North American Indians.

Manitou is about five miles from Colorado Springs and is the Saratoga of that region. With Dr. T. F. Fox, Misses Brown, of Minnesota, Scanlan, of Washington State, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn, Mrs. Lefi and her daughter Lucille, of Chicago, and Messrs. Frankenheim and Kohlman, of New York, I made my first trip to Manitou.

To get to Manitou by trolley you pass through Colorado City, which is about midway of the journey. It was on the outskirts of this little city that I saw my first burro. Not one, but probably fifty. Naturally enough some of us mistook the butts, tents and surroundings for a Gypsy Camp; whereas it was one of those depots at which you hire the little animals and with a guide added make excursions to the points of interest either upon the plateau or up the mountain.

Our first stop in Manitou was made at the Iron Spring, and all of us gulped down a measure of it, with many wry faces and grimaces, using our own collapsible cups of aluminum or those paraffine-coated folding cups that rest snugly in the vest pocket.

Through the bungalow which shelters the spring we passed into a really beautiful park, with seat for "spooners," and winding paths that led through a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs. We climbed up the steep side of a mountain for a considerable distance, over a gravelly trail edged here and there with sparse growths of sage grass and cactus. It was here that I first saw sage grass, which looks like a long, slim leaf, with frilled edges. Plucked from the ground and held to the nose, one gets the savory odor of the turkey dressing that most of us relish on Thanksgiving Day. I had often seen cactus in the conservatory, but never before in the open on the mountain side. It had an additional interest to me, in view of the wizard Burbank's recent achievement of producing a spineless cactus, which it is said eventually will feed multitudes of people at little cost. The great tableland of Colorado, which dearth of water and lack of irrigation render so nearly barren, could produce this cactus in unlimited quantities, and make its cultivation a source of revenue almost equal to the gold mines that have brought the State both wealth and fame. But all this is mere deduction, and I am trying to travel around in Manitou.

We struck down grade and an excellently paved street, and it led us to the famous Soda Springs. Here again the collapsible and other cups were brought into action, and we

imbibed a really pleasant-tasting water possessing medicinal properties that are touted throughout the entire United States. When any of you get from your druggist or other public dispensary a glass of Manitou water, take heed and remember that it is bottled at this renowned spring.

We rambled about in an aimless way, approaching the historic Ute Pass, and later almost taking the carriage trip of a mile to the Cave of the Winds, wherein the stalagmites and stalactites and meshwork of wonderful beauty entrance the eye. But we went not thither. Up the side of Mount Manitou, almost perpendicular in its course, stretched like a long thread the Manitou Scenic Incline. And it was towards that route we eventually shaped our course. And although it was on another day that we made the ascent, and with the Pike's Peak party that later will be enumerated, I will try to describe it now.

First of all, thanks to the Local Committee, the tariff of a dollar for the trip was cut in half.

All we had to do was to flash the N. A. D. badge upon the bewildered ticket agent, and all the tickets we needed could be purchased for fifty cents per.

This scenic incline is a real thriller. There is none of the wild dash and abrupt jolting of the roller coasters that abound at all amusement resorts throughout the country. It is a cable road, with cars that will seat about thirty people. Two cars are in operation at the same time—one going up and one coming down, so that the weight is equalized as nearly as can be. The cars pass each other midway on the incline. The seats are adjusted to an angle of about forty-five degrees, so that properly seated one is poised as though on a chair tipped backward, which secures safety from falling forward and obviates fright. Ascending almost vertically, the timid clutch hard and hold tight during the trip of about a mile to the summit. As you ascend, there is gradually unfolded a panorama of scenic splendor. To the right you see the bridged ravines and the tunnels of the Midland Railroad that takes you to Cripple Creek. Off to the left is Glen Eyrie and seemingly in close proximity the Garden of the Gods with its marvelous Gateway standing out distinct and picturesque. Away to the front spreads out the city of Colorado Springs.

Far as the eye can reach stretches the landscape, bejewelled here and there with lake and reservoir, and spreading onward and onward till land and skyline meet.

In standing on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean the vision reaches to where the water touches the sky, but in this view the order seems reversed and it is the sky that meets the land.

Next week I will tell about the Cheyenne Canons, the following issue will detail the trip to Cripple Creek, and then comes the climax of all our journeyings, when we go "to Pike's Peak or bust."

Very truly yours,

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

REV. S. S. SEARING DIES SUDDENLY

SARATOGA, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Rev. Samuel Stanley Searing, of Boston, who was called by courtesy chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, was found dead at the home of relatives here, where he was visiting.

He was prominent in the Episcopalian church work for the deaf and dumb, and was well known throughout New England. He was born in this village Nov. 25, 1859, and was ordained an Episcopalian rector by the late Bishop Brooks. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Rev. Mr. Searing founded a Home for the aged blind and infirm deaf in Allston in 1902. He was rector of St. Andrews Church Mission for the deaf on Chambers Street, Boston. At one time he had charge of a class of deaf-mutes at the church of the Good Shepherd, where he was curate for one year.

While curate of the church of the Good Shepherd Rev. Mr. Searing acted as Chaplain of the McLean Asylum for the Insane. He was chaplain at the House of Correction for eight years before the removal of the prisoners.

Rev. Mr. Searing had been preaching to deaf-mutes in Massachusetts in the sign language for almost twenty years.—*Boston-Globe*, Oct. 6, 1910.

In Memoriam.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Xavier Club, October 5th:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst James Russell, a loyal friend and honest brother member; and

WHEREAS, For more than a quarter of a century he was ever a faithful champion of our organization and the cause of the Catholic deaf; therefore,

Resolved, By the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club, That its members keenly feel the loss of a loyal, sincere friend, and that we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, The Catholic Deaf-Mute, and St. Joseph of the Oaks, for publication.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A new ruling of the faculty, inaugurated at the opening of the present term, requires all Prep. boys, and others showing a poor monthly average, to observe strict study hours in the evening. The young members of the faculty take turns about at being on hand to give assistance during study hours.

President Hall has made a provision whereby the president of the G. C. A. A. is recognized as a member of the faculty Athletic Committee. By this provision it is expected the two bodies can keep more in sympathy with each other, and the arrangement has met with much favor among the members of the association.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity elected officers Friday afternoon, Oct. 7, as follows: Grand Rajah, John Tom Hower, '11, Kansas; Kamos, Tom L. Anderson, '12, Texas; Tahdhead, Lellie A. Elmer, '11, Cal.; Muhktar, Shelby W. Harris, '12, Miss.; Ibn Phillakan, William H. Arras, '12, Ohio; Ibn Ahmad, Ora H. Blanchard, Ark.; Et Tebreze, George H. Bailey, '11, N. C.; Eth Thaallier, Bird L. Craven, '11, Ore.; Ababb Tekoth, Elmer D. Talbert, Mo. Staff of "Adelphotes": Editor-in-Chief, Bro. Tom L. Anderson; Associate Editors, Bros. Amos G. Draper and Leslie A. Elmer; Probation Committee, Bros. Anderson (chairman), Robinson, Harris and Hughes; Initiation Committee, Bros. Hower (chairman), Morris, Arras, Hughes, Banquet Committee, Bros. Draper, Robinson, Bailey, Blanchard; Entertainment Committee, Bros. Birek, Schaefer, Craven.

Saturday evening, Oct. 8, postponed initiations of Harry Gardner, '12, and Luverne Byrne, '11, took place. Both were ferried over the Styx in a monstrous frying pan, given an excellent opportunity to make notes and observations on the enjoyment of life in Hades and the pastimes of the inhabitants thereof, then brought back to the light of the upper world and the arms of their new-found brethren.

EASTERN 15 GALLAUDET 0

The attempt of Manager Anderson to revive football relations with Eastern College at Manassas ended first in disgust and then in defeat. It was hoped that the interval since the relations were first broken had been sufficiently long for a different spirit to enter into the Virginia college, but the game brought to light the same troubles that first brought on the severance of friendly competition on the gridiron.

The field at Manassas was a sea of mud, and a drizzling rain throughout the game failed to help matters in the least. The game was scheduled to begin at 10:30, and Capt. Birek had his men promptly on hand. However, the Easterners didn't seem in the least bit of a hurry, for it was not until Birek had led his men back to the gymnasium, after almost an hour of waiting, that the Eastern team made its appearance. More delay was occasioned by the seeming impossibility to find a referee, and when finally play was started it was eleven-thirty.

How, as umpire, seemed to be the only official who knew anything about the new rules, and everyone was forced to admit it except the referee, who insisted on conducting the game upon an original plan. Under his expert (?) interpretation the codes of ping-pong, tennis, soccer, basketball, pushball and mumble-peg, were all put into play with equal facility, and nobody knew what to expect next.

Just as soon as the Eastern team found out that what was up for a referee, they began, under the clever guidance of Coach "Curly" Byrd, of Washington, who has done much in the past few years to professionalize the game, to push through about every play the new rules were designed to prevent; and, since the umpire was forced to remonstrate gently with the referee every time the ball was put into play, the contest seemed pretty certain to last throughout the better part of the day.

Eastern's three touchdowns came by straight line-smashing after end runs had taken the ball within striking distance of the goal. Most of the time the play was in Gallaudet territory. One down came in each of the first, second and fourth quarters; in the third the play was about equally advantageous.

Eastern paid dearly for the victory, for the team tore itself to pieces by its own rough work. The looseness of their training rules, as indicated by the treatment the men received from Byrd during intermissions, gives the explanation for this.

Gallaudet put up about as strong and clean an article of football as could have been expected, and there would be a different story to tell had the opposition been on the square.

The defensive work of Roller, the offense of Glehill, Battiste's end runs, and the line plunging of Birek and Mosey, all were clearly apparent during the game. On the whole the team withstood the test with much credit, and we are confident it can hold its own with Eastern under better conditions.

The Gallaudet line-up: Glehill, Conley, Gardner, Ig, Talbert, Nies, rg, Roller, rt, Rockwell, re, Moore and Battiste qb, Battiste and Decker lh, Mosey rh, Brick fb. Time of quarters, ten minutes each. T. L. A.

EAST WING.

The Crystal Club was the first of our societies to hold its annual initiation. The young ladies of the Preparatory Class and the lady Normals were introduced to the mysteries of this most high order on the evening of Friday the 13th. All "took their medicine" in excellent spirits. It was, however, necessary to levy a due of 2 cents extra upon Miss Michaels, Normal, and Miss Redmon, Prep., was an extra hard proposition, but was finally initiated quite satisfactorily. An impromptu social finished the evening.

The young ladies of the Prep. Class acquitted themselves admirably when called upon to furnish entertainment for the upper classmen. A nameless comedy, presumably intended to represent the adequacy of a Matrimonial Bureau advertisement, was enacted by the three Preps from Nebraska, assisted by a green Freshman from California, who acted the part of widow Johnson's scrawny young offspring to perfection. The audience was considerably upset by the disappearance of Miss Johnson's teeth. However, upon being assured that a hunt was not necessary, they allowed the scene to proceed. As it were, it all ended happily with the austere lawyer leading the simpering and toothless widow toward an office of a Justice, leaving the impossible babe and the lawyer's darky servant to make up their differences. The Kansas Preps, then recited jointly and in comic union the tale of a love affair that ended woefully in a divorce.

Miss Nelson, who hails from California, has been trying to install the "earthquake scare" as a fad in the East Wing. Whenever a heavy wagon rumbles up the drive, she gives a practical illustration of the way the fad should be carried on. However, so far the lessons have not contained enough grace and rhythm to appeal to the young ladies—which is, perhaps just as well.

The basket ball teams were organized the first week in the month and practice begun immediately. To judge from the first two games we have a percentage of exceptionally good material, and are hoping to have both teams in the best of trim by the time the season opens. Miss Michaels, Normal, is acting as coach.

The following young ladies were initiated Saturday evening into full membership of the O. W. L. S., including the knowledge of all that our order stands for: Misses Burns, Blackwood, Sherman, Edington, Denton, Susman, Burt, Knox, Rosenstein. At the conclusion of the rites a banquet was given in honor of the newly-initiated members. The Co-ed's dining room was prettily decorated in palms, ferns and roses for the occasion, the tables arranged in a triangle. The program:

TOASTS

Address of Welcome.....Miss Eaton, '11
Response....."Burns," '13
Message from Old O. W. L. S. Mrs Hall, '00

MENU

Veal Loaf
French Fried Potatoes
Rolls
Waldorf Salad German Sandwiches
Raspberry Ice Cakes Coffee
Raisins Mints

At the election of officers for the various clubs for the first term the following were chosen:

O. W. L. S.: President, Miss Pike, '11; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Miss Hammond, '12; Vice-President, Miss Jensen, '12; Critic, Miss Newman, '11; Secretary, Miss Blackwood, '13; Treasurer, Miss Burt, '14; Librarian Miss Susman, '13.

Reading Room Club: Chairman, Miss Newman, '11; Secretary, Miss Blackwood '13; Treasurer, Miss Knox, '14; Librarian Miss Fossan, '11; Assistant Librarian, Miss Redmon, P. C.

Jollity Club: President, Miss Jensen, '12; Secretary, Miss Haywood, '12; Treasurer, Miss Edington, '13.

Y. W. C. A.: President, Miss Eaton, '11; Vice-President, Miss Haywood, '12; Secretary, Miss Fandrem, '12; Treasurer, Miss Froelich, '12; Custodian, Miss Susman, '13. Sewing Club: President, Miss Fossan, '11; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Knox, '14.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P.M.

Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion, first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, Olof Hanson, Wash. D. C.

Secretary, O. H. Regensburg, S. M. Freeman, Cal.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. S. Long, Iowa

Vice-Presidents, Anton Schroeder, Minn. Mrs. F. B. Carpenter, Ill. O. D. Carrell, Texas.

Executive Committee: Olof Hanson, Washington, D. C., Ex-Officio Chairman

Anton Schroeder, Minnesota

S. M. Freeman, Georgia

Oscar H. Regensburg, California

Thomas Francis Fox, New York

George Wm. Veditz, Colorado

B. Randall Allabough, Pennsylvania

Frank P. Gibson, Illinois

Arthur L. Roberts, Kansas

Dear Sirs:—

I have the honor to inform you that acting upon a suggestion of the President, the following motion was introduced and passed unanimously at a meeting of the Association at Colorado Springs, August twelfth, nineteen hundred ten:

"All charter members of the National Association of the Deaf who have now and have always been members in good standing, shall be made life members of the Association."

In accordance with the resolution, President Veditz declared the following gentlemen entitled to become life members of the Association:

Rev. Austin W. Mann,
Dr. George T. Dougherty,
Dr. Thomas F. Fox,
Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

Allow me, my dear sir, to congratulate you upon the signal honor conferred.

Very cordially yours,
OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, Secretary.

RAPID REFERENCE SCHEME.

To the Publishers of Newspapers for the Deaf:

For the Secretary's quick and easy reference of important matters published about the deaf in the United States, I beg to suggest:

1. That all papers and publications, by, for and of the deaf, be sent gratis to the department known as "The Literary Clipping Bureau."

2. That the Secretary preserve in a Record Book clippings on each and all important matters under proper headings, with date of appearance, the papers in which they appeared, etc., said book to be indexed.

By this little scheme articles of the past bearing on any subject casually referred to can be immediately looked up and the matter properly and fairly handled for those seeking information.

I have asked Mr. Howard L. Terry, late of Missouri, now a resident of Venice, Cal., who suggested this, to take charge of this Literary Clipping Bureau.

Papers and publications should be addressed the "The Literary Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 166, Venice, California."

Newspapers will kindly give this suggestion publicity. With public co-operation this department could be made a very interesting feature of the Association and in no way interfere with the work of the "Publicity Bureau," whose work is of a distinct character.

Respectfully submitted,

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, Secretary.

The following letter of condolence was sent:—

HON. JOSEPH F. HUMPHREY,

Care State School for the Deaf and Blind, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

MY DEAR MR. HUMPHREY:—In behalf of the members of the National Association of the Deaf, I extend you our heartfelt sympathy over the recent great loss you have sustained in the person of your beloved wife.

Her sudden death was a great shock to all of the members who had the pleasure of making her acquaintance at Colorado Springs, last month.

Very sincerely yours,
OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, Secretary.

MOVING PICTURE FUND.

Bulletin No. 6.

Oklahoma	\$343 35
California	301 25
Louisiana	291 50
Nebraska	287 71
Colorado	227 00
South Carolina	214 65
Oregon	206 70
Texas	195 91
Washington	170 35
Arkansas	155 51
Kansas	142 40
Massachusetts	128 23
South Dakota	113 13
Mississippi	100 75
Ohio	100 00
North Dakota	90 94
New York	81 91
Wisconsin	72 20
Iowa	71 80
Pennsylvania	49 80
Michigan	45 05
New Jersey	40 50
Minnesota	35 97

Missouri	33 70
Connecticut	27 97
Utah	26 00
North Carolina	15 00
Montana	11 75
Kentucky	10 00
Georgia	8 50
New Mexico	8 10
Alabama	7 65
Virginia	6 75
Florida	4 35
Illinois	1 00
Rhode Island	1 00
Tennessee	10
Interest	4 35
Miscellaneous	27 43
Total	\$3,659 96

ROLL OF HONOR.

G. W. Veditz, Colorado	\$5 00
Mrs. G. W. Veditz	5 00
John L. Deloatch, N. Carolina	5 00
Amiel Fryhofer, Kansas	5 00
John B. Wight, New Jersey	5 00
Enoch Henry Currier, Principal N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb	5 00
Sister Dositheus, in behalf of the pupils of the Le Cou-teux St. Mary's Inst.	5 00
Rev. Father Baker, Buffalo	5 00
Miss Annabelle Kent, East Orange, N. J.	5 00
Mr. Ayers, Boston	25 00
S. T. Walker, Portland, Ore.	5 00
Mr. G. M. Chaney, McAlester, Okla.	5 00
Mr. W. R. Harris, Muskogee, Okla.	5 00
Mrs. Mary A. Sweet, Buffalo, N. Y., in behalf of the pupils of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf	5 00
A. Kiene, Iowa	5 00
W. H. Phelps, Missouri	5 00
H. L. Terry, Missouri	5 00
Paul E. Erd, Illinois	5 00
George H. Faupel, Frederick, Md.	5 00
Rev. G. F. Flick, Illinois	5 00
Xavier Deaf-Mute Society, New York, Father M. R. McCarthy	5 00

O. H. REGENSBURG, National Treasurer.

VENICE-BY-THR-SEA, CAL.,

(Newspapers please copy.)

WANTED—ONE HUNDRED VOLUNTEERS.

Cut this out and mail in an envelope.

ROLL OF HONOR.

\$5 or more.

Mr. E. A. HODGSON, EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City, N. Y.

I desire to be placed on the "Roll of Honor" of the

MOVING PICTURE FUND.

I enclose \$..... which is to be placed to the credit of my State by the National Treasurer.

.....(name)

.....(address)

SECOND NOTICE.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY.

In order to better compile the report of the proceedings of the recent Colorado Springs Convention, I desire to obtain from all speakers who spoke extempore or from notes, in debates over papers that were read or in arguments over motions, a *verbatim* account of the same before November first. I have my own notes, but in order to do these speakers full justice, it would be better to have them write out their own remarks in full.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, Secretary.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

October 30th, Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 16TH.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 23D.

St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M., Holy Communion.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 30TH.

Gallaudet Home.

St. George's Church, Newburg.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANZGER, Pastor, 8525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Clere Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

PHILADE

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

From the viewpoint of a clergyman, the trip to Colorado, as given in the College Theatre, a week ago last Thursday, by Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., proved decidedly interesting to a good-sized audience present. Our "Gentleman Farmer" friend, Sylvester Fogarty, who accompanied the distinguished representative from this city, was the victim of some good-natured railway, especially when it leaked out that Brummell Sylvester had parted with three-quarters of an "Eagle" in having his attire removed. After reaching Chicago, the couple were joined by Rev. Father Moeller, S. J., and Mr. Toomey, and the rest of the trip until their arrival in Convention town was pleasantly described. Father McCarthy paid a grand tribute to the Convention gathering, and said nowhere else could one have found a more cultured and finer looking body of men and women. He spoke highly of the reception accorded him and Father Moeller by Supt and Mrs. Argo, and referring to the convention proceedings, spoke of his delight in watching the one-sided argument of the champions of the Combined System. He regretted the absence of representatives on the other side, expressing himself as convinced the sign language backers would have something of a walk-over in the battle had it transpired. His impressions of the scenery and points of interest were further brought out with the aid of a stereopticon, and when he had concluded, upon invitation of President O'Brien, of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, Mr. Alex. L. Pach gave a graphic outline of Father McCarthy's first speech before a convention of deaf-mutes. The winner of the \$10 Gold Coin was then settled by little Jimmy Rosenacker, who drew out ticket No. 308, belonging to the silent resident of Philadelphia's Tioga district, an other of the McCarthy family, whose identity is distinguished from the rest by having Eugene Michael prefixed.

The switch connecting with the social wheel was lowered and set a going last Saturday evening by the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association. To break its long silence they started off with a dramatic reading, entitled, "A Gentleman of France." According to the attendance the Clark Deaf Mutes met with good success, fully 250 persons having passed into the lecture room. The lecture was delivered to the audience by Louis A. Cohen, who now can be classed with Prof. Wm. G. Jones, because of his ability to deliver readings and plays in the most perfect theatrical way.

"A Gentleman of France" is actually a play, and the actions of Louis A. Cohen gave the people the idea that they were seeing the whole play, including the duels, last words of the dying, scenes from real life on the stage. Every one of the 250 went home bearing a bright face, having seen one of the most dramatic readings given in New York for many a day.

President Hugo Schmidt presided at the October business meeting of the Xavier Deaf Mute Club, last Wednesday. A few interesting plums were picked out of the usual routine business, Tom Grogan, for the entertainment, announced a "Ladies Night" at the Club House, evening of October 16th, and a Halloween Party for the last Sunday evening of the current month. The coming around of the annual election in November has set the members on edge as to who will win, the rivalry for office being at a Pike's Peak altitude. Unless plans miscarry, November will be a gala month for the Cherry X members and their ladies, a theatre party being under consideration, with a supper to follow. Some interest is also being taken in the plans for a Summer camp among the Xavier boys, which will be made more noteworthy from the fact more than a few possess in their own right motor boats.

If you are a member of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, or simply a disinterested observer of the organization's efforts to help those enrolled, and champion the cause of the needy among the deaf, makes no difference. You will find a welcome at the services for the deaf at St. Francis Xavier on the first and third Sunday of the month. They tell me this third Sunday, October 16th, after the usual instructive discourse and Benediction by Father McCarthy, the Ephphetans will line up for a battle with the ballots, and it is on tap that a lively half hour is to ensue. Since Miss Louise Cather migrated to Chicago, as a novice in the Ephpheta School, Mr. S. J. Fogarty has been acting as treasurer. Excepting in his case, as a likely candidate for the presidency, the list of other incumbents are slated as "Dark Horses." However, the invitation

for members and non-members to attend St. Francis Xavier's services for the deaf on the first and third Sunday may be considered a standing one for the next twelve months.

The proposed lecture on "The Care of the Soldiers during War," by Dr. A. Monae Lesser, which was scheduled to take place at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League club room 139 West 125th Street on Thursday, the 13th inst., is postponed to Thursday October 20th, 1910, at 8:15 P.M. sharp.

It is hoped that a large attendance will be present to hear Dr. A. Monae Lesser, who by the way is an honorary member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Mr. F. W. Nubser will act as interpreter on the occasion.

Last Saturday, the 8th, was the birthday of Isaac Newton Soper. His friends in the League of Elect Surds remembered the date and impressed on Mr. Soper their esteem for him in no small way. Owing to the inability of approaching all the members, there was no time to buy a present, and instead a purse was presented him, which he acknowledged in a few well chosen words with considerable feeling, briefly reciting a few of the world wonders that had been worked in the fleeting time of sixty years.

W. Lacey Waters, of Santa Barbara, Cal., attended the meeting of the League of Elect Surds, Saturday night. He is a member of the League. He has been spending two months in the East, since the Colorado Convention, and has traveled as far East as Maine, stopping at several places. He also spent a week at Atlantic City. He leaves at end of this week for a leisurely journey homeward, and expects to be on his lemon orchard ready for business by November first.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore I. Lounsbury went to Demarest, N. J., Sunday before last and had a delightful time on the farm of Henry B. Schuerman. The farm consists of over twelve acres and has a pond and rowboat. All kinds of fruit trees abound, and the soil yields enough of vegetables and other eatables to supply the large family that dwell in the Schuerman homestead.

The League of Elect Surds have changed the date of their next ball and entertainment to Saturday, May 6th, as the Clark House boys had previously secured a hall for April 29th. The League was fortunate in finding the following Saturday date at Terrace Garden open, and trust the public will appreciate their deference to the other party.

Her many friends will be sadly grieved to hear that Mrs. Margaret Nibler (nee Miss Werle) beloved wife of Simon Nibler, died on Friday morning, October 7th, after a long illness, of Dropsy. The remains were interested in Calvary Cemetery Sunday last.

The G. A. D. M. S., of New York, presented the family with a large and beautiful floral offering.

Is He a Fakir ?

Wilson Curry, a deaf and dumb vagrant, who was examined yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Court Brooklyn, by Magistrate Hylan by means of writing questions and, received a suspended sentence and a \$5 bill by the Court after he had told the following hard-luck tale in writing:

"Was run over by two horses and a wagon at Hastings, Sussex, England, and then spent five months in a hospital, worked in brush factory in Buckfield, Me. Place was burned out. On December 25th, 1901, both my hands and feet were frozen in Montreal, Canada. Half of my right foot was cut off in the General Hospital, Montreal.

"On February, 10th, 1906, at the corner of Main and Oak Street, Buffalo, I was knocked down by an automobile. I was carried by a lady who was in the machine to the Sisters of Charity Hospital, where I remained a month. On May 24th, 1909, I was struck by a street car while I was walking on the streets of Springfield, Mass. Received lacerations and contusions of the head."

Curry told the Court that he wanted to go to the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Trenton, N. J. Then the Magistrate gave him the money for his fare.

Services in the Diocese of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany evening, Amsterdam.

Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.

Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card.

H. VAN ALLEN, Missionary, 232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

PITTSBURG.

Being inspired by the success of the 1910, Pike's Peak or Bust Savings Club, which had held the members together for three years, until it was disbanded last July, and which had helped them to some real good advantage, a Mass-Meeting of the Deaf was held at the residence of H. B. McMaster, to discuss the advisability of organizing a Savings Club for one year's run. Rev. Mr. Allabough presided. It was decided to organize such Club to be known as the "Harrisburg P. S. A. D. Convention Savings Club," among those inclined to go to go to Harrisburg, Pa., next Summer.

The officers were then elected to manage the affairs of the new club: President, W. F. Durian; Vice-President, E. S. Havens; Secretary, F. A. Leitner; Treasurer, H. B. McMaster. Three auditors yet to be elected will be named at the Club's next meeting. One feature that was adopted is that any person in the State of Pennsylvania is eligible to membership in the Club, instead of being open to the residents of Pittsburgh only. For further information, address W. F. Durian, 465 Ella Street, Wilkensburg, Pa.

Mr. John Zelch, of Mt. Washington, died last week, after a short time of illness. A large number of deaf friends attended the funeral services, although it was a private affair. We express our sympathies with the three deaf children and relatives upon the loss of their beloved father. Among them is Miss Viola Zelch, who is the Assistant Supervisor of Girls at the Edgewood School for the Deaf.

Mr. E. S. Havens is happier, and no longer lonesome. His wife and child returned home from her vacation in Ohio, and her presence at home relieved Elmer from cooking the meals for himself during her absence. Mrs. Havens's relatives, of Wheeling, W. Va., are now visiting the family.

Miss T. Schoenberger, of Reading, Pa., stopped off in this city for a visit, and is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rolshouse, at Aspinwall. Her travels in the West have helped her to look in the best of health. She attended the "County Fair" at the P. S. A. D. Local Branch Hall, last Saturday night.

"Donation Day" in this city, for the benefit of the Home at Doylestown, Pa., is a success. Chairman Mrs. George Annis was the leading spirit to bring it to a success. The committee arranged a play, entitled the "Country School Room," which was given at the Hall, last Saturday night. It was a burlesque, giving much witty and laughable acts. Mr. Squeers and Mr. Sorrel Top are the leading "stars" in the play, while Mr. Pecksniff made a very impressive hit as one of the school trustees to investigate the workings of the school. Mr. Squeers found his hands full to make the pupils to give their attention to studies instead of doing many tricky acts. The costumes of each player were very comic and also appropriate for the occasion.

Tom Brown came in limping with his terrible looks, with many tears and an injured leg, just from the foot-ball game. For his great play to uphold the school glory, his poor standing in studies was declared wiped off, to the delight of the school.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Mr. Squeers ("School-Master").....J. Friend
Sorrel Top (The Dance of the Class).....
.....E. S. Havens

School Children

Stephen A. Douglas.....Geo. Davies
Jean Pole.....C. Fritzges
Abe Lincoln.....B. Durian
Little Lord Fauntleroy.....C. Reiser
Belle Winters.....M. Braeken
Betty Sharp.....B. Jackson
Jennie Marchioness.....M. Nolan
Sis Hopkins.....Mrs. C. Fritzges
Miss Goldicks.....Miss Hansen

Tom Brown (foot-ball hero).....H. Barden
Lord Chesterfield (Bird).....W. J. Smith

School Trustees

Hon. Mr. Pecksniff.....B. A. Allabough
Mr. Lackland.....H. B. McMaster
Mr. Got Rox.....P. Blackhall
Mamie Snipe (Janitress).....Mrs. Hansen

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Annis, being in charge of the Country Fair, are dressed as Mr. and Mrs. John Hayseed, of Bingleville, O.

At the close of the burlesque, the crowd were next invited to attend the "Cabbage Patch," under charge of Mrs. Wiggs (Miss Daisy Annis), and the sales realized a good sum. Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayseed found that the ice cream cones were very popular with the crowd, and in fact the ice cream was exhausted in a short time, that a good number of people did not have any taste for ice cream. The "County Fair" was purely a success in every respect, and the credit goes to all those who helped and took part in the occasion.

Mrs. Davis, of Industry, Mr. and Mrs. H. Judel, L. McManima, of Beaver Falls; Mr. Gilooly, of Wheeling, W. Va., were seen at Fair.

Miss Katie Flack is a kind-hearted girl, to entertain the crowd at the Fair, by showing around the fine picture of the "reunion people" at Columbus, O., whither she went to attend last month. Many faces in the picture are easily recognized by friends here.

Dr. James C. Burt, son of Supt. W. N. Burt, of the Edgewood School for the Deaf, was married to Miss M. L. Chalfant on October 6th. It was a small wedding with the relatives and intimate friends present. Dr. Burt practices his business in this city and many deaf people find in him a good Doctor, who can talk in sign-language with them to locate their ails. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Burt a prosperous life.

WHEELING.

Peace fills the air in Indian summer. Peace is pictured in the full harvest, the glorious forest, the hazy landscapes, the muffled sounds everywhere. 'Tis a season dear to every Christian heart, to every regular church goer, who takes good care of that little church so far out in the country.

The Deaf-Mute Guild of the St. Elizabeth Chapel gave a supper at the St. Matthew's Church, Tuesday evening, and it proved quite successful. The tables were laden with the delicacies of the season with candelabra and cut flowers as the decorations. The following menu was served: corn, oysters, roast tenderloin beef, baked potatoes, sliced ham, celery, olives, sliced tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing, hot rolls, thin buttered bread, cranberries, ice cream and cake, coffee. The committee in charge was kept continually busy with serving and the proceeds were substantial, and will go for the benefit of the St. Elizabeth chapel at Steenrod Place, which will clear the debt.

The following committee was in charge: Mrs. Sam Corbett, of Bellaire, whose husband is president of the Guild, was chairman, assisted by Miss Ada Anderson, Miss Christine Jepson, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Typles, Mrs. Robert Browne, Mrs. Andrew Browne, Mrs. Lewis Steenrod, Mrs. Plattoff Zane, and Mrs. J. C. Bremer.

The consecration of the St. Elizabeth chapel will be held on November 5th, known as St. Elizabeth day, with Bishop Peterkin and Rev. L. W. S. Stryker in charge. The ceremonies will be elaborate and largely attended. Since the forming of the St. Elizabeth Guild there has been steady progress among the members, as they are tireless workers, and the president, Mr. Sam Corbett, is very much encouraged. —*Wheeling Intelligence*, Oct. 5, 1910

United States Senator Nathan B. Scott was one of many prominent participants of the above-mentioned occasion, warmly greeted by the deaf.

The ladies of Ohio Home entertained with a social party down the river, at the residence of Mrs. P. A. Green, on the evening of the 24th ult.

The Deaf-Mute Guild assembled twice within thirty days—September 10th and October 5th. The first one was postponed from September 3d, owing to the Columbus (O.) Reunion. At the second meeting was Mr. Andrew Zeber, who has successfully obtained a job in Marsh's big Havana factory. He made a neat congratulatory address upon St. Elizabeth's, saying that it was the only one in the United States built from their own hands. A check of twenty-five dollars from a friend of Mrs. Plattoff Zane was donated there for the church debt.

Mr. Julius Andre, who printed tickets for the corn oyster supper by himself, announced on the platform that his proprietor, of Elm Grove Journal, gave it free of charge, to the uprise of the members, so a vote of thanks was responded. Mrs. Albert G. Lepley (nee Mattie Hall), of Youngstown, O., who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Frazier for several days last week, has left for Fairmont to visit her folks. Mr. Lepley will join her hereby the time of the consecration of St. Elizabeth's.

Mr. Marion G. Giffen, of St. Chairsville, O., took in the oyster supper at St. Matthew's Church. His presence there he was one of the great pleasures. Being asked about the political situation in Ohio, he favored Harding for governor.

Layreader John C. Bremer was on Sunday morning, October 6th, in Wellsburg, finding Mr. John H. V. Fowler much improved. His left thumb was slightly crushed in a wheel in the factory at Follansbee.

A letter from Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, inclosing a dollar for the consecration of St. Elizabeth's and card of "Christian Unity for Deaf-Mutes," was read to the Church members on the 6th inst. Thanks are hereby extended.

FATHER WHEELING

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

October 8—Mr. A. W. Ohlemacher who was chairman of the Executive Committee of the late Ohio Alumni Reunion, but compiled from the slips given to each member of the Association, at the time of registration, an interesting table of references especially referring to occupations, placing them in alphabetic form. Of the 345 active members enrolled, 176 were married and 169 single, almost evenly divided; 21 owned farms, 2 own shops, 92 own the houses they live in, and 117 have their lives insured.

There were forty visitors from various states, thirteen of them from Pennsylvania, Ohio furnishing four, Indiana, Michigan, New York, and West Virginia, each three.

The Counties of the State which furnished the largest number of active members were Franklin, 104; Hamilton, 26; Cuyahoga, 25; Montgomery, 20; Miami, 13; Lucas, 9; Belmont, 9; of the cities, Columbus furnished, 90; Cincinnati, 23; Cleveland, 18; Dayton, 15; Toledo and Piqua, each 8. One came all the way from California, two from Tennessee, three from Illinois, ten from Indiana, five from Pennsylvania, two from West Virginia and one from Michigan.

One hundred and ten different occupations are given by which the active members earn their daily bread or support themselves and families. Heading the list 76 are housewives, next come 22 book binders, 9 till the soil and help feed humanity, 9 are engaged in the Art Preservative, 17 are farm hands and 1 is engaged likewise and also baseball player, 8 are shoemakers, 2 are instructors of shoemaking, 1 is a shoe and harness maker and 1 is a shoe pattern maker, 6 are put down as painters and 1 instructor of painting, 6 registered as teachers and 1 as Art instructor. Only 8 are common laborers, 1 is a fresco painter, 4 are glass blowers, 2 are letter and sign painters, 2 are laundresses, 2 are paper hangers and 2 are finishers. Three are registered as metal grinders, two as metal polishers, three as packers, one as physical director, two are retired farmers, four work in an underwear factory, three are tailors and three are students, silk cutter, and pattern worker, skirt maker, skirt operator tailors, tile worker, time keeper, uniform coat trimmer watch polisher, each have one; seven did not state their occupation.

There is one miner, two kitchen men, three packers, one time-keeper, two stove factory hands, two timers, two clothes pressers, one miller, one boat builder, one boat varnisher, one assistant chemist, one automobile lamp worker, one automobile repairer, one automobile finisher, one bricklayer, one steel heater, two carriage painters, one deputy recorder, one cigar maker, two distillers, one draftsman, one electrician, two job compositors, two paper hangers, one paper-mill hand, one piapo varnisher, and so on throughout runs the list of occupations.

Mrs. John King Sherman has been visiting during the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener. The twins are growing some and can creep all about. She will be at home after to-morrow at 641 Maple Avenue, Newport, Kentucky.

Among those worshipping at the Services at St. Agnes' Mission, Cleveland, on Sunday, October 2d, was Mrs. Alice H. Hanson, a sister of Plumb M. Park, for many years, a teacher at the Ohio Institution. Her husband was the Rev. Mr. Mann's first teacher at Indianapolis, in 1858. Her brother-in-law, Prof. James S. Brown, built the Indiana Institution; and that of Louisiana, at Baton Rouge. She expects to return to her home in Evansville shortly.

Mr. Wm. Mayer, Instructor of Painting, went up to the Home, Sunday to entertain the inmates with a talk. He took along with him Mr. F. H. Lorenz, Foreman of the Cabinet Shop, who had never seen the place. He was greatly surprised at what the deaf of the State had established here and pronounced it a most fine and worthy institution.

Wednesday evening, though it was raining, a party made up of Messrs. Ohlemacher, Schory, Zorn, Zell, Neutzing, Mayer and McMurray visited the Federal Glass Co's plant down in the South end of the city. The father of Leo, Frater, who is employed therein, took charge of the party and conducted it through the concern, showing them the different processes by which glassware is made. The work was most interesting and instructive to the visitors, who felt amply repaid for the time spent there.

Miss Effie Loring, of Bedford, O., returned last week to her home from a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Griffis, of Oberlin, O.

Mrs. Ella Lynch Perego, living just across the border from Ohio in Michigan, near Toledo, has been visiting the place of her early girlhood days, down in Hallsville, Ross County, O. Friday she was at the

School here with a friend, and those who know her were glad to meet her again.

James McAllen, claimed to be deaf, got on a rampage at Washington, C. H., O., last Saturday, because he could not sell some soap to a firm in that town. He became so wild that three men were necessary to handle and turn him over to the police authorities.

There are still people foolish enough to believe that when they have lost their hearing doctors are able to restore it. A case in point, which occurred in this city is cited below:

W. C. Brenzier, who sued Dr. Edison France for the return of \$150, which he claimed to be paid on the promise of curing deafness, was given a verdict for the amount Monday by a jury in Judge Rathmell's Court. Brenzier says he is just as deaf as ever.

Last evening, fifty or more of the officers and teachers of the school gathered in B Rotunda to present one of their late co-laborers, Mrs. Olga Wittenmier Reutenger, who was united in marriage last June, a token of esteem. Dr. Patterson in humorous vein portrayed her first coming here, as a clerk to the Superintendent, as teacher, her transfer to the Providence, R. I., School and finally her marriage to Mr. Reutenger, and to show her that these friends here wished to be kept in her memory, they herewith presented this gift. Mr. McGregor and Mr. Ohlemacher at this juncture, brought it out from the reception room. It was a mahogany leather covered rocker. Mrs. Reutenger could only find words enough to say "Thank you very much," so much surprised was she. Following the presentation, the party got down to the game of telegraphic messages, the bride using the letters of their first name in forming words to make an appropriate sentence. Then each guest was called up to speak to it, having placed the thumb against the index finger and placing that in the mouth, Mrs. Reutenger had to make out what was spoken. Dainty refreshments were afterwards served in the Superintendent's dining room.

Miss Ellis, who for a number of years was matron of Gallaudet, but who resigned last June, was among the guests of the above party. She felt at home too, for here she had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance of a number of former Gallaudet boys and girls. She is visiting with Miss Deborah Evans for a few days, who was housekeeper at the college several years ago.

A number of boys went into the country last Saturday after nuts and apples, but returned with empty sacks. The cold weather of last spring effected most of the fruit and nut trees hereabouts, and as a consequence orchards and woods are bare of fruit.

Friends of Miss Emma Newmann are sorry to hear that circumstances compelled her to give up her course in Gallaudet College. She is at home, Springfield, O., and is employed in the electrical department of Robbins and Myers.

The daughter of Mrs. Carrie Leib, Neuner, Marie, is now acting as stenographer for the State Supervisor of Printing. A. B. G.

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

ORGANIZED JANUARY 7, 1894.

It meets the first Thursday evening of each month at 8 o'clock, in ST. MARK'S CHAPEL, Adelphi St., near DeKalb Avenue.

CALENDAR 1910.

Thurs. Oct. 6—Guild Meeting.
Sat. " 29—Hallowe'en Party.
Thurs. Nov. 3—Guild Meeting.
Thurs. " 17—Charity Ball.

Thurs. Dec. 1—Thanksgiving Eve.

Thurs. " 29—Christmas Festival.

WM. A. MOORE, President.
Miss J. Hicks, Vice President.
H. L. JURING, Treasurer.
WM. G. GILBERT, Rec. Sec'y.
L. A. AHMES, Cor. Sec'y.
302 13th St., Brooklyn.

REV. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, D.D., Pastor among Deaf-Mutes, 619 W. 145th Street, New York City.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanuel-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue.

REV. DR. B. A. ELZAS, Minister.

Worth Remembering

Many a man like the ancient Persian, Ali Haford, who wishing to be rich and place his children on thrones through the influence of wealth, has searched in vain, north, south, east and west, when there were acres of diamonds on the old farm, found there by the observant man, who dug in his own garden.

Your fortune is in the shop where you work, in the store where you wait, in the house where you sit, or on the farm where you cultivate the soil. Your riches are within your present reach. There are riches in every rubbish heap.

Only to the mummified, conservative, visionless traditionalist, no more progress is possible. You can not do better anywhere than just where you are. What you need, others need.

First we swear at, and then we swear off, our taxes.

ST. LOUIS.

J. H. May,—5851 Von Versen Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Bella McConnell returned home on the 18th ult., from her western trip to Colorado. She was among the delegates at the recent convention of the N. A. D. at Colorado Springs. After the convention, she went to Boulder, Col., to visit her aunt and uncle, and says she had time of her life while there. She brought home with her a lot of souvenirs to remind her of her visit. Among them were a collection of beautiful stones and mineral rocks that were taken from the Rocky mountains and elsewhere in the state. She also has a group of large photographs of the convention, and other gatherings all of which will be pleasant remembrances to her in after life. She and her husband are planning to spend the summer of next year out there near her relatives.

On Veiled Prophet night, October 4th, the following couples gathered at the corner of Beaumont and Washington Avenues, to witness the great parade, that is given annually during the fall festivities: Madames Bennet and Theurer; Misses E. Dillon, Molloy, Mahon and Lithroe; Messrs. Hunter, Bennett, Blevins and May.

Mrs. Kate N. Blevins and daughter, who departed recently for Brighton, Ill., to visit her sister, Mrs. Warr, is expected to come home this week.

Mrs. Roy Jones and daughter, who have been spending many months at her parent's home in Bloomfield, Mo., returned to the city to settle down for the winter.

Mrs. Edna Kerins, of Hannibal, Mo., has been in the city one week, visiting friends and relatives. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright.

Plans are under way for a great celebration of Gallaudet Day, December 10th. Strassburger's Hall, (corner Grand and Shennandoah Avenues), has been engaged for a grand ball to be given there, on Saturday evening, December 10th, 1910. It will be given under the combined authority of the Gallaudet Union Society, St. Francis DeSales Society, and the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. It is to be hoped a great crowd will turn out to swell the gathering on this great and notable day.

The Public Opinion Meeting took place Friday evening, October 7th, after being suspended since last June on account of warm weather. Rev. Cloud discussed up-to-date topics with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cecelia Busmann, of Centralia, Ill., is in the city visiting her sister, Miss Esther Silver, for two weeks. Mr. Susmann is a nephew of Miss Jennie Susmann of this city, who is now attending College for the deaf at Washington, D. C.

Miss Esther Silver contemplates taking a flying trip to visit friends in Chicago, Ill., in the near future.

While playing in the streets one day last week, Milton, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Berwin, was hit on the head by a stone, thrown at him. Nothing was thought about the matter for a while, but later it was discovered that he had a narrow escape from blood poisoning. A doctor was called who dressed the wound, and at present the boy is doing well.

Mr. Oscar Spotts, of Kansas City, Mo., is again in the city on business and pleasure bent. He expects ere long to go to Seattle, Washington.

Among the immense crowd that flocked to Sportsman's Ball Park to witness a game between the Cardinals and Pittsburg base ball team on Sunday, were Messrs. Spotts, Berwin and Schaub. Vincent Campbell (nephew of Jr. C. Campbell and Mrs. Fisher) played as left fielder for the Pittsburg Club.

Sunday P.M., October 16th, a game of base ball will be played at Sportsman's Park between a picked nine team of players representing Illinois and Missouri. The proceeds will be used for the benefit of paying off the indebtedness of the School for Deaf-Mutes at 901 Garrison Avenue. Admission, 25 cents per head.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Formanack will be pleased to know that they have moved to 4549 South Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stack and son are preparing to go to visit relatives living in and near Cuba, Mo. Mrs. Stack expects to stay for an indefinite time, but Hugh returns sooner.

Don't forget the Hallowe'en ball to be given Saturday evening, October 29th, at Compton Hall, N. W., corner Compton and Park Avenues. Souvenirs will be given away at the door to every lady who attends. Admission, 25 cents per head.

Saturday evening, October 1st, an enche party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Merrill, of Old Orchard, Mo. Owing to the distance and somewhat out of the way, the attendance was rather small. Those who went had a glorious time. We failed to learn the names of the winners.

Miss C. Mahon departed last week on a trip to Alton, Ill. She returned the same day.

FANWOOD.

The first literary treat of the season was given last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association. It consisted of a lecture on "The Battle-Ship Fleet," by Dr. T. F. Fox.

The meeting was formally called to order by First Vice-President James Quinn, who introduced Dr. Fox. Dr. Fox ascended the platform, and first spoke of how an uncle of a deaf pupil here, a petty officer in the navy, having become interested in the manner the deaf boys played baseball, challenged them to a game with the sailors of his ship Massachusetts, which the deaf boys won on their home grounds. Not satisfied, the sailors asked the deaf-mutes to come down to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and play them a return game there. The deaf-mutes accepted with alacrity, the result of the second game being precisely similar to the first. Going on, Dr. Fox gave the reasons for the passing of the "White Squadron," as our ships were called before they were painted grey. He dilated at length upon the build of the warships, describing the new twenty-six thousand ton battleships, which though big as the institution in manner of rooms, etc., yet could go through the water at a speed nearly equal to that of the lightest racing motorboat ever built. He said that we can only see about one-fourth of that marvelous instrument of death and destruction, and that it required a visit to the interior of a man-of-war to fully appreciate the wonders of mind, brain and brawn, concentrated in that marvelous fighting machine. He then gave examples of the destructive power of the big guns, one broadside of which would level the institution buildings within hitting radius to the earth. His remarks upon the exercises of the sailors, their great strength and bravery in face of great calamities, and their clear-headedness, were highly interesting, and he asked us not to have our opinions of the navy modeled by the sight of a few drunken sailors, who after six months of hard work go on a good "spree." Men never aspired to the title of angels in this mundane sphere, so we cannot expect our "jackies" to stick to the straight and narrow path. Lest the spell be broken, he went on to describe the change from the hand-to-hand naval conflicts of perhaps a century ago, to the five-mile bombardment of today. In the old days, aiming was chiefly a matter of guess and let luck do it, but now the target is aimed at with all the intensity that brains and skill can help to bring to mathematical point. He then spoke of the helplessness of a nation devoid of a navy. He cited the example of the crew of the American ship "Virginia" who were shot without trial by Spain a half century ago, when the futile protestations of the Americans were of no avail; for having no navy to uphold our protests, Spain had no fear of us. Nowadays a single American warship in foreign waters is sufficient to protect American interests as in the case of those in Portugal. He said that the battleships had been ordered to cruise to the Mediterranean, but upon the news that cholera had infected Naples, the order was countermanded, and one to cruise into English waters given instead. That is an example of how the government treats the sailors who apply to her for work, food and lodging.

He explained the great demand for honorably discharged sailors and soldiers in the fire department, Chief Croker himself welcoming them to this department with open arms. He then turned to the dark side of the sailors' life and gave an excellent definition of the horrors of war, when with the deck alippery with blood, the "men behind the guns" are compelled, by long discipline, to see a comrade blown to atoms without for one minute stopping their task of feeding their gun, as if they were a part of a machine, which does its duty, no more, no less.

He then showed how great was the honor paid to the drowned sailors, the phrase "only a common sailor boy" having no meaning in the navy. He informed us that upon the recovery of the deceased sailors' bodies, they are prepared for burial at the government's expense and shipped to friends or relatives, no matter how far or near they live.

Following up the subject, he complimented the sailors upon their readiness to risk their lives for others, this principle applying to every man on board ship, whether officer or ordinary seaman. By way of conclusion, he gave a brief description of what the new thirty-three thousand ton "Dreadnaught" under course of construction may be, finally closing with the advice for us to visit the Brooklyn Navy Yard, there to drink deeply of the Pierian Spring of naval flavor.

Upon the conclusion of his lecture, he gave out the news of the week, and later was tendered a vote of thanks for the efforts to get data for so interesting a subject. After this nothing else being on hand the meeting adjourned.

The Intercession Baseball Club came down here last Saturday to play the Fanwood Reserves, the result being the visitors were handed a genuine unadulterated guaranteed-under-the-pure-food-and-drugs-act goose egg, while our team made them dance and pay the piper to boot, to the music of thirteen runs. This music was ground forth throughout the game with the load pedal under pressure. Denman, our mound dweller, broke his record for strike-outs, he being the sinful cause of the eleven batsman cutting geometric circles in the ozone in futile attempts to hit the elusive sphere. The energy expended by batsmen in that direction, if concentrated into an extract, would make a decent head of hair grow on an ivory ball. Other features of the game were two long drives to the Trades School by Blechner and a three-base hit by Altenderfer. Bits of the work of the scorer's gray matter are below appended:

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Mooney, ss	5	1	1	0	1	0
Altenderfer, lf	6	2	1	0	0	0
Blechner, 3b, p	5	2	2	1	3	0
Nimmo, c	4	3	3	14	4	0
Dr. Seikel, 2b	4	3	0	1	1	0
Garrison, 1b	5	1	2	7	1	0
Drake, cf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Margraf, rf	5	0	3	0	0	0
Denman, p	3	1	0	0	2	0
Flanders, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	43	13	14	27	13	0

INTERCESSION	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Luber, lf	4	0	3	0	0	0
Haper, 1b	4	0	1	6	0	0
Gabel, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Bugue, p, ss	4	0	3	2	2	0
Levis, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Martin, p, lf	2	0	0	3	1	1
Block, c	3	0	0	6	0	0
Brown, 2b	3	0	0	5	2	0
Grandin, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Total	31	0	8	24	9	5

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
INTERCESSION	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
FANWOOD	0	2	10	0	1	0	0	0	x-13

Summaries: Earned Runs—Fanwood, 5; Three-Base Hits—Altenderfer, 1; Garrison, 1; Two-Base Hits—Blechner, 2; Nimmo, 1; Garrison, 1; Drake, 1; Hoper, 1; Stolen Bases—Nimmo, 5; Mooney, 4; Seikel, 3; Drake, 2; Margraf, 1; Denman, 1; Bogue, 1; Struck Out—By Denman, 11; by Martin, 2; Bogue, 3. Hit by Pitcher—by Martin, (Denman). Wild Pitch—Martin, 1. Hits—off Blechner, 1, in 1 innings; off Denman, 7, in 8 innings; off Martin, 12, in 3 innings; off Bogue, 4, in 6 innings. Base on Balls—Off Bogue, 2. Double plays—Blechner to Nimmo; Blechner (unassisted). Time of game—1 hour and 48 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Haast. Score—Solla Gerschaneck.

The breakage of the slider rack and frame of the JOURNAL press was the cause of the paper being delayed for a day. A new part from the factory was sent, but resulting from an error in address it was delayed longer than necessary. A machinist soon had the parts replaced, and work is now on as usual.

The first regular meeting of the Protean Society was held last Thursday evening. Various business relating to the society was transacted and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Counsellor and Treasurer, Enoch Henry Currier; President, Harry Blechner; Vice-President, Walter Kadel; Secretary, James H. Quinn; Librarian, Edward Trinks; Executive Committee—Henry Brauer, Chairman, and Albert Dirks.

Cadet Captain H. Brauer, in company of Cadet Adjutant W. Kadel and Cadet First Sergeant H. Lieberz, paid a visit to the Brooklyn Navy Yard last Saturday. They had the good fortune to find a couple of sailors, who kindly volunteered to show them around the premises, an offer which was gratefully accepted by the seekers after knowledge.

Among the preceding week's visitors, the names of the following visitors were espied by the lynx-like eye of scribe on the visitors' register: Mr. Egerton L. Winthrop, Chairman of the Executive Committee of this Institution; Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Instruction Committee, who in company of Principal Currier visited all the class rooms; Frances Spier, Emma F. Caddy, Carrie E. Johnston and Ellen M. Cullum.

The Sunday services were conducted by Prof. Jones in the morning, Prof. Best acting in a similar capacity in the afternoon. Prof. Jones' story in the evening, a "Black Hand," one was filled to the overflowing with thrills. Prof. Bjorlee was a visitor in the chapel in the afternoon.

Drilling began as usual again Monday as the battalion is going to live up to the phrase: Practice makes perfect.

JAMES H. QUINN.

Southern Dioceses.
REV. O. J. WILKINS, General Missionary,
1017 Brantly Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.
Baltimore.—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St., Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 8:15 P.M.
Washington, D.C.—Trinity Church, Third and C Sts., Mr. H. C. Merrill, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 11 A.M.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Brenner, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 8 P.M.
Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader. Services Sunday, 3 P.M.
Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church. Bible Class Meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M., Mr. R. L. Chiles, Teacher.
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-Reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in Maryland, West Virginia and in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

HARTFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burbee, both former pupils of the school here, were visitors in town one day last week. They live on a farm of their own at North Dana, Mass.

The Cogswell Literary Society held its first meeting for the election of officers, at a room in the school, October 3d. The following officers were chosen: President, L. E. Crowley; Vice-President, Miss Mary E. Atkinson; Secretary, Miss Mabel Hall.

W. C. Rockwell, of Hartford, and Michael Lapides, of New Haven, have returned to Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

There was a social gathering of a few of the New Haven deaf at 56 Olive Street, that city, September 29th. Among those present were: Mrs. J. Reiger, Mrs. John McCue, Mrs. Harriet Wheeler, Mrs. Rachael Coakley, Alfred A. Stevenson, B. G. Leeper, Henry Boeking, Misses Marie Ridolf, Lena Goldberg, Fannie McQueeney, Carrie M. Koch. No special invitations were sent out. The "silent mission" invited any to come who would, by word of mouth passed along.

We have received a communication from Hon. Geo. I. Veditz, President of the N. A. D., in which he states that the industrial exhibit sent to the recent World's Congress of the Deaf by the Connecticut deaf workers, attracted much attention. We give the list: Shoemakers: J. R. Hine, Waterbury, Samuel Banner, of Hartford, sewed and pegged sole work. Mr. Banner has worked at his trade here in Hartford for nearly thirty-four years. Mr. Hine has worked at his trade in Waterbury for fifty-one years, and has a neat and comfortable home of his own all paid for. Both were from the old school here. Laundry: L. O. Blanchard. Mr. Blanchard has worked for some years with a large laundry concern in Hartford, and can do any and all parts of the work. He is from the Northampton, Mass., School. Badge-maker and metal-engraving, Chas. L. Schindler, Stratford, Ct. Mr. Schindler is an expert in these lines. Book-binding work (hand-work): Miss Emma H. Smith, Waterbury. Miss Smith has worked in one office for nearly fifteen years, and is a former Hartford pupil. There were sent along with these exhibits three placards, two containing the photographs and brief statements of the teaching records of Prof. Weeks and Prof. J. E. Crane of the Hartford School, the former sixty-one years a teacher, the latter thirty-four years a teacher of the deaf. The third placard contained the name of the Underwood Typewriter Company, Hartford, and the names of its ten deaf-mute employees. Diplomas of awards will be sent to each worker in the above list whose work was on exhibition, and to Profs. Weeks and Crane and the Underwood Company.

Samuel B. Darchian, a rug manufacturer, here in Hartford, died in September, and his business will be sold out. Mr. D. B. Taylor, well known here among the deaf in New England and correspondent for the Register, has worked for this firm about sixteen years. The loss of a job he has become expert at looks serious to him.

The American School for the Deaf began its ninety-fifth year, September 14th, with about the same number of pupils as last year. There are some changes in the teaching staff. Walter M. Kilpatrick has been appointed to take the place vacated by the death of Prof. G. O. Fay, M.A. Mr. Kilpatrick is a graduate of Parson College, Iowa, and has been a teacher in the Deaf School of Fairbault, Minn., for eight or nine years. He is a hearing man and began his work as a supervisor of the boys. Hence he comes to this school a man of training and experience as a teacher of the young deaf. He has an affable and alert personality and is an expert both as to speech reading, manual and signs, as methods of communication for the deaf. His family consists of wife and one child, and he has taken a house on Sigourney Street, not far from the school. The new matron is Mrs. Edwards.

Arrangements have been made for a Reading, followed by a social, on Saturday evening, October 22d, in the reception hall at Christ Church Parish House, corner of Main and Church Streets, Hartford.

Prof. William G. Jones, of the New York Institution, and a past master of the art of graceful and expressive signs, will read the play, "The Bells," by Leopold Lewis. This play is a tragedy and was acted over seven hundred times by Sir Henry Irving, one of the greatest English actors who have ever lived. Prof. Jones' rendition of this play is worth going miles to see. Remember the date, Saturday evening, October 22d. At close of the reading, there will be an hour for refreshments and social talk. There will be an admission charge of fifteen cents, to pay necessary expenses, and some remuneration of the reader, who comes more for the love of his art and of his fellow

mutes than for money considerations. The affair is under auspices of the Cogswell Literary Society. The Reading will begin promptly at eight o'clock.

We recently received a circular from an automobile concern offering us a machine at reduced rates for "pastoral work, calls, funerals, etc." We are content with shoe leather and the trolleys. What attracted our attention in this circular was the promise of the company to look after each machine during its "life," no matter who the owner might be. Broken parts would be restored, inspection given by authorized local agents and machinists free of charge, and any difficulties at any time would be examined and rectified. In other words this automobile concern is going to look after its product, helping each owner, sharing in certain expenses of wear and tear, till the machine goes to the scrap heap, whether in three years or in ten. They call it "service department."

Now if a machine is worth looking after like that, surely a deaf boy or girl is worth looking after clear to the end of their lives. Do our schools for the deaf look after their product through the wear and tear of life? Is the late string out for the old pupils when they come back occasionally for a brief visit—a bed for the night, and a plate at the table? Is *Alma Mater* concerned with their getting a job, or with their temptations and failures, when schooldays end? Is its duty forever done when the graduation certificate is handed over and the boy or girl departs? We humbly offer this crazy suggestion for what it is worth to those wise and much beset men, our school principals, teachers, and Board of Directors.

H.
P. E. Diocese of Connecticut.
Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister in charge.
FALL AND WINTER 1910-1911.
Hartford—Christ's Church, First and Third Sundays, 3:30 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church, First and Third Sundays, 7 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 2:30 P.M., and Fourth Sunday, 7 P.M.
New Haven—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 7 P.M., and Fourth Sunday 2:30 P.M.
At other places by appointment. Address of pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Church Mission.
MID-WESTERN DISTRICT.
The Rev. Austin Ward Mann, M.A., General Missionary in charge, 1023 Wilbur Avenue, S. E., Cleveland, Ohio.
PRINCIPAL MISSIONS.
Cleveland, O., St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Church.
Toledo, O., St. Martin's Mission, Trinity Church.
Akron, O., Grace Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Canton, O., Epiphany Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Youngstown, O., Emmanuel Mission, St. John's Church.
Columbus, S. O., All Saints' Mission, Trinity Church, Miss May Greener, Interpreter at regular morning services.
Cincinnati, S. O., St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Cathedral.
Dayton, S. O., St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church.
Portsmouth, S. O., Holy Faith Mission, All Saints' Church.
Pittsburg, Pa., St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Brewster R. Allabough and Frank A. Leitner, Lay Readers.
Detroit, Mich., Epiphany Mission, St. John's Church.
Flint, Mich., St. Aidan's Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Grand Rapids, W. Mich., St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral.
Kalamazoo, W. Mich., Ascension Mission, St. Luke's Church, Martin M. Taylor, Lay Reader.
Indianapolis, Ind., St. Alban's Mission (Christ Church, Nathaniel Field Morrow, Lay Reader.
Louisville, Ky., All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral.
Danville, Lex. Calvary Mission, Trinity Church.

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Louisville, Ky., All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral.
Danville, Lex. Calvary Mission, Trinity Church.

The Ladies Aid Society
OF
The Hebrew Congregation
of the Deaf
begs to announce a
WHIST and DANCE
AT THE
"Amelia" Relief Sisterhood Building
115-119 East 101st Street
ON
Saturday Evening,
November 26, 1910.
8:30 P.M.
Music—Refreshments—Handsome Prizes.
ADMISSION, - 50 Cts.

A Post Souvenir
—AT—
The Guild Room
—OF—
St. Ann's Church for
Deaf-Mutes
148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.
October 22d, 1910
at 8 o'clock
Admission, 25 Cents

WANTED
Deaf girl wanted for general housework in a family of two. Good home for deserving person. Address: W. E. M., Care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

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"The Care of the Soldiers During the War."

LECTURE BY DR. A. MONAE LESSER

Interpreted in the sign language by Mr. Francis W. Nuboor.

Thursday Evening, Oct. 20, 1910

HALLOWE'EN PARTY & GAMES

At the Club Rooms
Handsome Prizes.

Saturday Evening, Oct. 29, 1910

Admission, 10 cents.

The N. J. Deaf-Mutes' Society
will give a
HALLOWE'EN PARTY
on
Saturday Evening, Oct. 22, 1910
at 8 P.M.

NEW AUDITORIUM

St. Orange St.
Near Broad.

NEWARK, N. J.

Admission, - - 25 cents

Refreshments free.

Come! Come! Come! Some new games.

Fred W. Bouton, Chairman

Paul C. Kees

William Atkinson

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Little Coney

in the Vestry Room of

Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim

Lexington Ave. and 72d St.

under the auspices of the

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

Saturday Evening, Nov. 5th,

at 8 o'clock.

Admission, - - - 15 Cents

Handsome prizes.

COME ONE COME ALL

BARN DANCE

OF THE

Borough Park Deaf-Mutes' Society

AT

ALYS HALL, 150 East 125th St.

Near Lexington Ave.

New York City

Thanksgiving Eve, Nov. 23d,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Music by Prof. S. Metzger

Tickets, - - - 25 Cents

CASH PRIZES—Will be awarded to both gentlemen and ladies for correct dress as Rube, Common Farmer and Comical Farmer. The Judges will be selected from the various Deaf-Mute Societies.

Committee of Arrangements

Samuel Goldstein, Chairman

L. H. Kutner A. C. Reiff

J. Heil, Jr. H. Flapinger

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Help Wanted Females.

Learn to make Artificial Flowers and Feathers. Steady employment and good pay when experienced. Light, attractive work, and we believe it well adapted to deaf girls, and are willing to teach a few as a beginning. We also pay wages while you are learning. Certificate of graduation from school required. Apply direct with interpreter to Williams & Rosenblum, 4 and 6 Washington Place, or through Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, 619 West 145th Street.

1904 1911

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OF THE
Hollywood Fraternity

AT THE
YORKVILLE CASINO

86TH STREET, BETWEEN 2D AND 3D AVENUES

Saturday Evening, January 7, 1911

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

Music by Prof. John D. Sweid

Admission, - (including wardrobe check) - Fifty Cents

Seats in Boxes, 25 Cents Extra

MR. JOHN H. KEISER WILL STAGE A PLAY ACTED BY MEMBERS

Committee of Arrangements:

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